# LOVE is the Cauſe of my MOURNING,

OR,

## The Deſpairing LOVER.

*Sung with it's own proper Tune.*

THe Week before Eaſter, when holy days being fair,
The ſun shining bright, and I had no mind to go
I did go to the Or[illegible] to go
but *Flora* could yield me no pleaſures, (put there

The hills being covered with Midſummers Clouds
The white and the red did ſpring from the Rocks
The Birds they were tuning their muſical Notes
there was neither Cowſlip nor Roſes.

I had not been in this Wood half an hour ſpent,
When for to turn back again was my intent,
I heard a young Man who ſore did lament;
for love was the cauſe of his mourning.

I loved a Laſs this many a day,
and for to requit me ſhe is Marri'd away,
With Sighing and Sobbing Lamenting for ay,
which was the cauſe of his mourning.

Her Face was ſo fair I loved her well,
hated all thoſe that wiſhed her evil,
[illegible]

[illegible] was ſo fair my joy to behold,
Her love I eſteemed more dearer than Gold;
Ever ſince ſhe had my heart in her hold,
but yet with diſdain ſhe rewards me.

When that I did ſee my Love to the Kirk go
With all her fair maids ſhe had a fair ſhow,
My Heart was ſo grieved I mourned for woe
to ſee me ſo lowly regarded.

When that I did hear the Clerk publickly cry,
Is there any contrary, its time to draw nye,
I thought in my mid good reaſon had I,
but yet it was beſt to conceal it.

When that I did ſee my Love join Hand in Hand
With Rings on her Finger to ſeal up that band,
Then I was infected in goods, gear and land,
there was nothing but death could ſeparate them.

When that I did ſee my Love in her Bed right,
My Eyes guſh'd out of Water it blinded my ſight
I took off my Hat and bad her good night,
pox take her for ſhe will not leave him.

FINIS.